DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™

MARVEL COMICS

$2.95 US
$3.75 CAN
#2
NOV
UK £2.20

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&
AW

AT THE **MORGUE**, AFTER **MATT** IS FINISHED PLAYING **DUMB** TO THE **COPS**, PRETENDING HE DOESN'T KNOW THE **WHO** OR **WHY** OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH--

--THE **CORONER** LETS MATT **TOUCH** THE CORPSE.

IT'S **COLD**. ICY COLD.

BUT NOT AS COLD AS THE THING THAT GROWS IN MATT'S BELLY.

HE **SPIED** ON HIS FATHER. HE **KNOWS** WHAT JACK MURDOCK DID TO PROTECT AND PROVIDE FOR HIS SON.

AND HE KNOWS THE **SMELLS** AND **SOUNDS** OF THE KILLERS.

AND HE KNOWS THEIR **NAMES**.

McHALE.

GILLIAN.

THE **FIRST** TWO.

...I TOLD HER *GOOD*...

...HEY, PASS IT *OVER*, WILL YOU?

GLUB

TAP

TAP

TAP

TAP

SO I *TOLD* THAT DAME...

HORAN LIQUORS

DRINK UP, BOYS. IT'LL HELP WITH THE *PAIN*.

WHAT THE *HELL*?

WHO'S *DUMB* ENOUGH TO MESS WITH *US*?

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SOMEBODY WITH NOTHING TO *LOSE*.

SOMEBODY *DEAD*.

SNIKK

YOU'RE *DEAD* ALL RIGHT, PAL.

KASHH

DARK IN THERE-- I CAN'T *SEE*--

WELL THEN, NEITHER CAN *HE*, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

WHUDD WHUDD WHUDD

AN HOUR LATER.

IN RESPONSE TO AN ANONY-MOUS TIP...

EEEEEEEEEEEE

MURDOCK...

IT WAS *JACK MURDOCK...*

WE *KILLED* HIM BUT HE'S *BACK...*

IN THE GYM.

THE NEXT TWO.

THE BIG ONE--SLADE--

--WHOSE FISTS SPLINTERED JACK MURDOCK'S JAW AND RIBS--

--SLADE--

--AND SLICK LITTLE MARCELLO, WHO LAUGHED AS HE CARVED UP MURDOCK'S FACE.

ALL MATT HAS TO DO IS THROW A CIRCUIT BREAKER--

--AND THEY'RE AS BLIND AS HE IS.

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE *LIGHTS*?

I CAN'T *STAND* IT WHEN IT'S DARK...

AW, MARCELLO, YOU *WIMP*--

WHUDD WHUDD

WHAT THE *HELL*--

MARCELLO-- WHERE *ARE* Y--*OOF*!

CLICK!

HNH?

COME ON, BIG GUY. DON'T BE AFRAID.

I'LL BREAK YOU IN *HALF*, LITTLE MAN.

HERE--I'LL LOSE THE *BAT*, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.

UNNNK

HE LOOMS OVER MATT. SMUG, EAGER, CHUCKLING.

MATT THINKS OF **RECESS**--OF A HUNDRED **BEATINGS** AND ENDLESS **GIGGLES** AND **TAUNTS.**

HE THINKS OF **TAKING** IT AND **TAKING** IT AND **TAKING** IT--

--AND THE RAGE OF **YEARS** BECOMES A **LIGHTNING BOLT** THAT TRAVELS FROM **SHOULDER** TO **HIP** TO **FOOT**--

--AND HE **RELEASES** IT.

AAAG

KRA KK

MATT LISTENS TO SLADE'S SUDDEN, FRANTIC BREATHING.

HE TASTES FRESH BLOOD STRIKE THE AIR.

HE SMELLS THE PANIC IN THE BIG MAN'S SWEAT.

KHAFF

HE SLIDES A ROLL OF PENNIES TO HIS FIST.

KUGG

KUGG

KUGG

GLAGGG

AT THE DOOR--SUDDEN RASPY INTAKE OF BREATH TO LUNGS THAT ARE WEAK FROM DECADES OF ABUSE.

AND THE SCENT OF TOBACCO MIXED WITH EX-PENSIVE AFTER-SHAVE.

THE FIXER.

LET HIM RUN--

KRU KK

...NOW--PICK UP THE SOUNDS--

--CLATTER OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS--

--AWKWARD, PAINFUL SUCKING OF AIR--

--A POUNDING, POUNDING HEART--

GYM

ANGELO! GET US OUT OF HERE! NOW!

--UNTIL MATT'S FINISHED TURN-ING RIBS INTO BROKEN, JAGGED THINGS...

SCREEEE

ANGELO,

AND THE FIXER.

THE LAST TWO.

SO EASY TO TRACK THE LIMO'S ENGINE AND THE FIXER'S UNCONTROLLA-BLE COUGHING.

SO EASY. STICK TAUGHT HIM WELL.

MALRD MOVER

STICK.

HE'LL HATE ME FOR THIS, MATT THINKS.

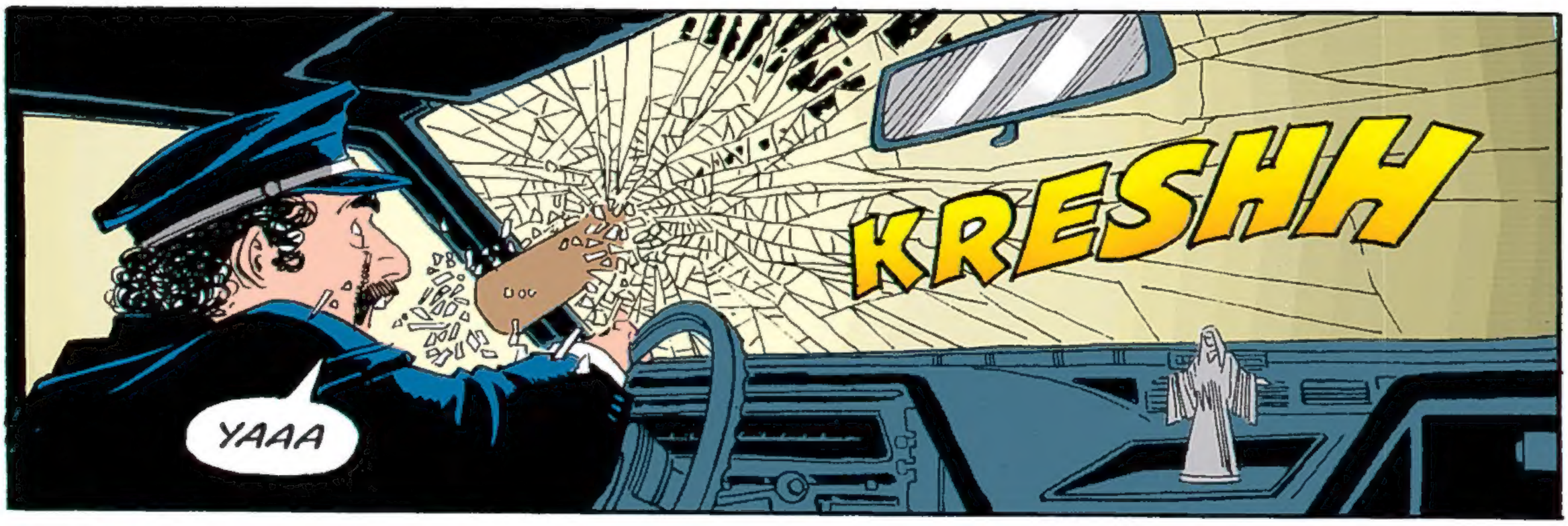
AND FOR A MOMENT MATT CARES ABOUT THIS.

THEN THE COLD PART OF HIM TAKES OVER AGAIN.

THUMP

BIG TRUCKING CO.

THUMP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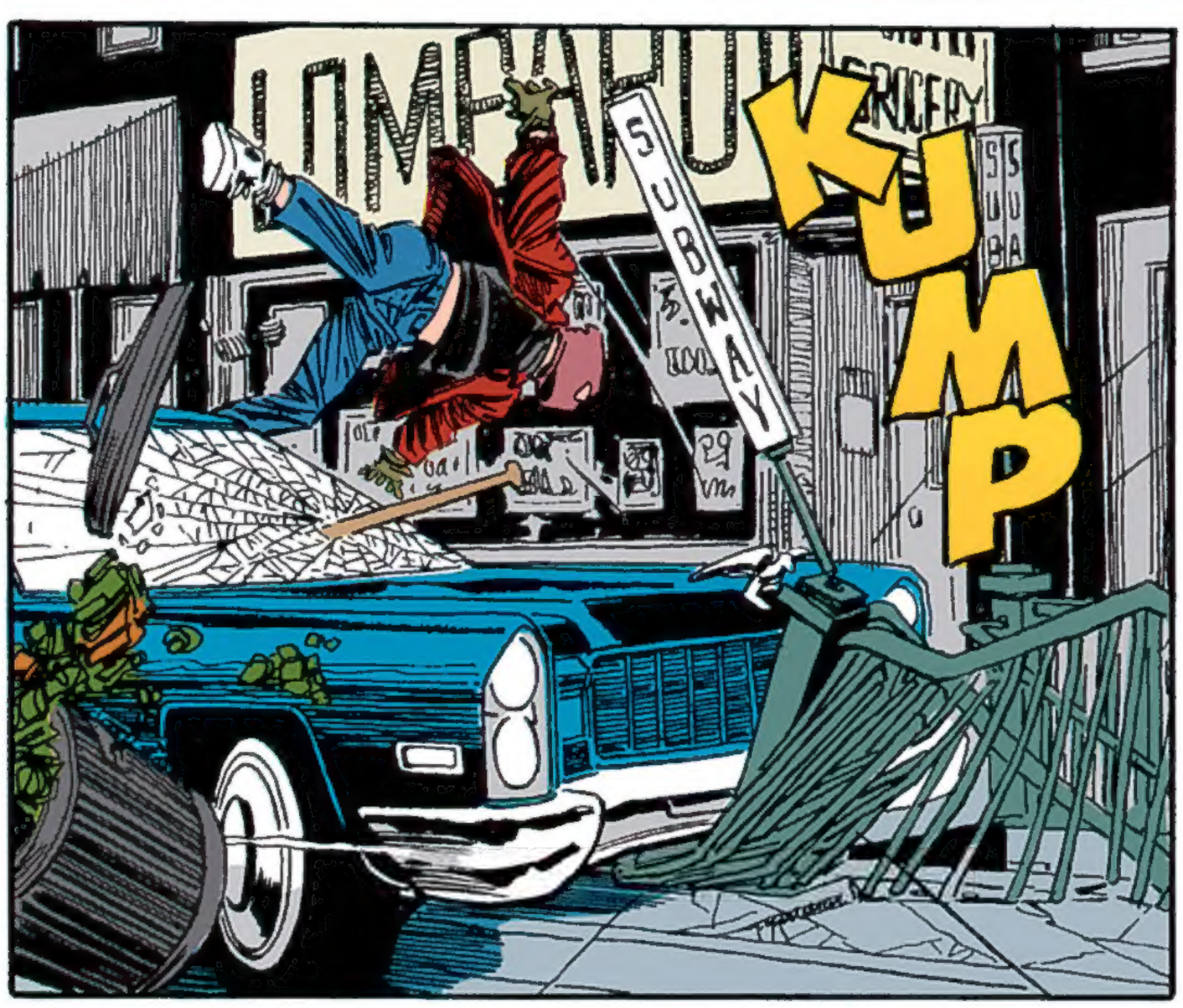
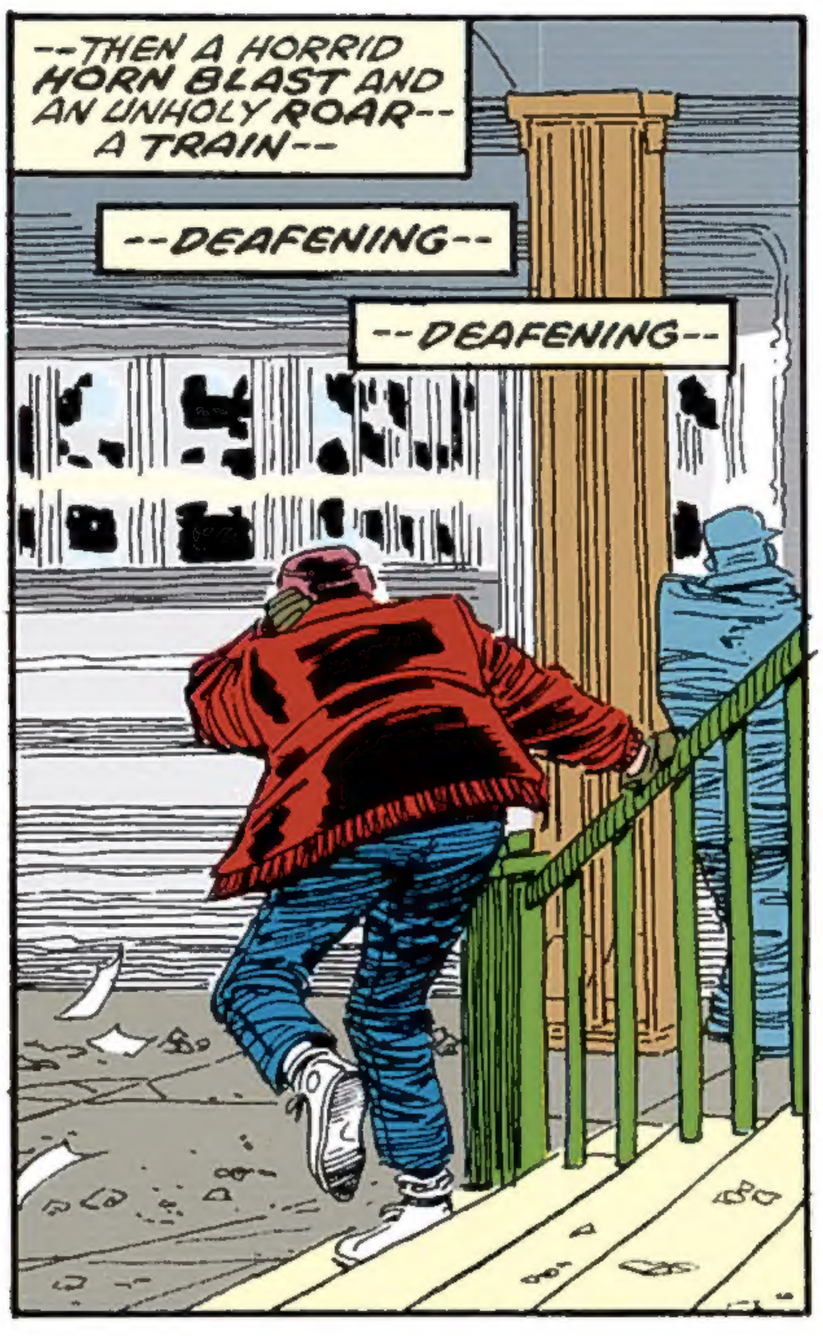

SUBWAY
KUMP

MATT'S SKULL STRIKES PAVE-MENT--
--A LOST MOMENT--
NICOTENE
--THEN THE FOOTSTEPS.
HEADING TO THE SUBWAY.

MATT IGNORES THE DIZZINESS AND THE STICKY SALTY TASTE OF HIS OWN BLOOD--
--AND FOLLOWS THE FIXER'S HEARTBEAT--

--IT'S SO FAST-- SO WEAK--
--AND HE'S COUGHING AGAIN--


--THEN A HORRID HORN BLAST AND AN UNHOLY ROAR-- A TRAIN--
--DEAFENING--
--DEAFENING--

--DEAFENING--

--MATT CAN ONLY STRAIN TO KEEP HIS FEET BENEATH HIM UNTIL IT PASSES...

...THEN--A SOUND MADE OF OIL AND STEEL--

--A REVOLVER, COCKED--

--AND THAT BREATHING--THAT HEART-BEAT--

--THAT HEARTBEAT--

--POUNDING--

--FLUTTERING--

--STOPPING--

THE FIXER SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR WITH A SIGH AND BREATHES HIS LAST PATHETIC BREATH AND MATT IS ALONE IN THE STATION.

ALONE, BUT NOT FINISHED.

ONE REMAINS.

ANGELO.

MEANWHILE, IN A HOSPITAL...

...AND MURDOCK, HE COULD SEE IN THE DARK-- AND HE HAD SIX ARMS!

MURDOCK'S LYING INNA MORGUE WITH TWO ARMS AND A TAG ON HIS TOE, BUDDY.

IT'S A GHOST, LIEUTENANT! IT WAS HIM! IT WAS MURDOCK!

SO EITHER WE GOT US A GHOST OR YOUSE GUYS BEEN HITTING THE SAUCE TOO HARD OR WE GOT US A VIGILANTE.

ME, I'M BETTING ON THE SAUCE.

ONE REMAINS.

ANGELO.

HE THINKS HE'S ESCAPED.

ESCAPED TO A PLACE OF THICK PERFUMES AND PRACTICED PASSION.

THEY KNOW HIM HERE. HE THINKS HE'S SAFE.

JUST RELAX, ANGELO. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

IT WAS SOME KIND OF CRAZY MAN--

--OUT OF NOWHERE HE--

AAAA

IT'S A RAID!

BUT WE'RE PAID UP!

THAT'S NO COP! KILL HIM!

A TANGLE OF FLESH--

--FISTS AND FINGERNAILS AND CURSES AND SHOUTS--

--CHOKING PERFUME--

--TOO MUCH--

--MATT THRASHES--

AAAA

KASHH

OH PLEASE NO...

SHE DOESN'T SCREAM.

SHE PRAYS TO GOD.

AND THEN THERE IS THE CRUNCH OF BONE AND THE SPLATTER OF BLOOD ACROSS PAVEMENT.

NO...

...NO...

...NO!

SHE'S DEAD!

HE KILLED HER!

HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HER AND HE KILLED HER!

HE RUNS, HELPLESS, IN HORROR.

HE RUNS TO THE BASEMENT SEEKING HIS TEACHER--NOT FINDING HIM--

--HE RUNS TO THE GYM-- HE SCREAMS THE NAME--

STICK!

STICK!

HE SCREAMS UNTIL HIS VOICE IS HOARSE AND CROAKING AND HIS THROAT IS FULL OF SAND.

STICK...

BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.

STICK...

TERMINAL HOTEL

BLOCKS AWAY...

YOU MUST *RECONSIDER*, STICK. THE BOY HAS *TALENT*.

NO. I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM.

YOU'VE SAID IT *YOURSELF*-- A *THOUSAND* TIMES. *WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.*

HE IS *UN-DISCIPLINED. EMOTIONAL.* JUST *LOOK* AT WHAT HE DID TONIGHT!

STICK... WE ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THE WORLD AND FORCES OF MYSTIC *DARKNESS*--AND WE GROW *OLD*. WE NEED *YOUNG BLOOD*, YOUNG *STRENGTH*.

IN THIS *GENERATION*, ONLY *TWO ADEPTS* HAVE BEEN BORN. *MATT MURDOCK*-- AND THE GIRL *ELEKTRA*. AND *ALREADY* THE GIRL HAS BEEN *INFECTED* WITH THE DARK WAYS. SHE COULD WELL END UP *RECRUITED* BY THE ENEMY...

...*MATT MURDOCK* MUST GET *ONE MORE CHANCE!* ONE MORE *TEST!*

THAT IS *ENOUGH*, STONE. NO MORE *DISCUSSION*. WE CAN'T LET OUR ORDER BE *COMPROMISED*.

THE BOY HAS *FAILED*. HE IS *USELESS* TO US.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. ONE YEAR LATER.

HONK HONK

HUFF HUFF

HONK

MOVE IT, FATSO!

HUFF

THIS IS FRANKLIN NELSON, FRESHMAN STUDENT OF LAW. HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM "FOGGY"!

STEP IT UP, YOU TUB OF LARD!

HA HA HA HA

HONK

THESE BOYS ARE NOT HIS FRIENDS.

LATER, AT THE DORMITORY, FOGGY CONFERS WITH HIS ROOM-MATE...

IT WAS BRAD AGAIN, MATT.

...FELLOW FRESHMAN MATT MURDOCK.

I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO HIM!

I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T, FOGGY.

I'M SURE THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT.

BULLIES NEVER NEED A REASON.

THE NEXT DAY.

BRAD JUST WON'T LET UP.

YOU BE CAREFUL WALKING BACK TO THE DORM TONIGHT, FAT BOY--

--NO TELLING WHAT COULD HAPPEN.

AW, LAY OFF, WILL YOU, BRAD?

I'M NOT TAKING ANY ORDERS FROM ANY BLIMPS TODAY, NELSON.

IT ISN'T UNTIL MORNING THAT ANYBODY HEARS THE MUFFLED SOBS.

BRAD'S HAD A LONG NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER. TO RE-MEMBER THE STRONG HANDS THAT LIFTED HIM FROM HIS BED LIKE HE WAS A DOLL--

--THAT CARRIED HIM ACROSS CAMPUS ROOFTOPS--

--THAT HELD HIM, BY THE ANKLE, DANGLING HIGH ABOVE CRUEL PAVEMENT...

BRAD'S HAD A LONG NIGHT TO REMEMBER THE HANDS--AND THE VOICE.

THE VOICE CHILLED HIM MORE THAN THE WINTER COLD.

THE VOICE TOLD HIM THIS WAS JUST A WARNING.

THE VOICE TOLD HIM IN GREAT DETAIL WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM IF BRAD WAS ANYTHING BUT EXTREMELY PLEASANT TO FOGGY NELSON.

BY THE TIME THEY COME FOR HIM--

--BRAD IS A CHANGED MAN.

OR, AT LEAST--

--HE IS A BOY WHO HAS BEEN TAUGHT A STERN LESSON.

AND SO...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO*, MATT! I CAN'T *THINK* STRAIGHT!

EVEN WHEN BRAD *DOESN'T* COME AFTER ME I'M ALL TIED UP IN *KNOTS!*

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL WORK ITSELF OUT, FOGGY.

A LOT *YOU* KNOW...

OH, *MAN.* HERE HE COMES *NOW.*

EXCUSE ME, NELSON. MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

UH... SURE, BRAD. WHAT'S UP?

HEY-- CHECK THIS OUT.

I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M *REALLY SORRY* I'VE BEEN *RIDING* YOU SO HARD. I'VE REALLY BEEN A *JERK.*

DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?

WHAT'S WITH *BRAD?*

IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN MAKE GOOD WITH YOU, YOU JUST LET ME KNOW. YOU'RE *OKAY* IN MY BOOK, FOGGY--

--IT'S OKAY IF I CALL YOU *FOGGY,* ISN'T IT?

SURE, BRAD. IT'S FINE.

GET A LOAD OF *THAT!* YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HIS *FACE,* MATT!

I WISH I COULD HAVE, FOGGY. I DEARLY WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE.

MATT?

HI, IT'S ME--*CATHY*. FROM OLD MAN *LYNCH*'S CLASS. I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP ME *OUT*. WITH THE *EXAM* I MEAN.

I'M A LITTLE *CONFUSED* ON THAT *STOELTING VS. WEST* DECISION...

I'M SORRY, CATHY.

SHE ISN'T CONFUSED. SHE DOESN'T NEED HIS HELP IN HER STUDIES--

I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M LATE FOR CLASS.

--AND HE CAN'T ALLOW HIMSELF TO RESPOND TO HER. HE CAN'T ALLOW HIMSELF *EMOTION*.

THAT MUCH, HE HAS LEARNED. THE COST IS TOO GREAT.

SIGH...

WHAT A *CREEP*!

OH, HE'S NOT SO BAD.

HE'S JUST REALLY *INTENSE*.

ANOTHER NIGHT FALLS.

AND ONCE AGAIN MATT MURDOCK FINDS HIMSELF COMING *ALIVE* JUST WHEN HE SHOULD BE GETTING *SLEEPY*.

SPACE... THE FINAL FRONTIER...

...THESE ARE THE VOYAGES...

...ITS FIVE YEAR MISSION...

...TO BOLDLY GO KLIK

IT WASN'T JUST THE TELEVISION THAT KEPT MATT AWAKE.

ZZZZ NNKK

FOGGY'S SNORING COULD RAISE THE DEAD.

AND JUST WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT--

SSZZUKK

--HE CHANGES THE TUNE.

NOBODY COULD SLEEP THROUGH THAT.

NO. NO USE KIDDING HIMSELF.

ZERKK

IT'S NOT THE SNORING.

IT'S NOTHING INSIDE THE ROOM.

IT'S OUTSIDE. EVERY-WHERE OUTSIDE.

IT'S THE WIND--

--AND EVERYTHING IT CARRIES--

--EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.

IT CHARGES OFF THE OCEAN, FIERCE, BITTER COLD.

IT RATTLES ANTENNAE AND SHAKES POWER LINES AND LEAVES SWIRLING SNOW IN ITS WAKE--

--IT ROARS DOWN CON-CRETE CANYONS--

--AND BRITTLE BRANCHES CLATTER IN COMBAT--

--SURRENDERING WINTER LEAVES THAT RUSTLE AND SKITTER LIKE FAIRIES, BEGGING MATT TO JOIN IN THE DANCE...

...THE CITY NEVER SLEEPS!

DOWN THE STREET-- WARMTH AND KINDNESS TO A SHIVER-ING SOUL...

Morishes fine BAK

GOD BLESS YOU, MAN.

...MUSIC FROM CAR RADIOS--IN A HUNDRED DIFFER-ENT LANGUAGES--

--DOGS YIP AND BARK AND WHINE--

--ONE HOWLS-- CELEBRATING THE NIGHT...

--AND BEFORE HE CAN EVEN GIVE IT A THOUGHT--

--MATT JOINS THE CELEBRATION.

FUMP

KTANG

KAW

KAWW

A SCENT-- HUMAN AND FRAGRANT--

--UP HERE?

YES-- AND NOW A BREATH.

ANOTHER.

NEARBY.

A PULSE, STRONG, STEADY--

--MOVING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, AGAINST THE WIND, DEFIANT--

--FOOTSTEPS LIGHT AS A CAT'S--

--OVER THERE--

--THAT SCENT AGAIN--

--NOT A MAN'S SCENT--

--FALLING NOW--

--CRAZY--

--SHE'S FALLING--

--CRAZY. SHE'S CRAZY, WHOEVER SHE IS, JUMPING LIKE THAT.

AND HE'S JUST AS CRAZY TO FOLLOW HER.

BUT THAT SCENT OF HERS...

OOF!

WUMPP

IT IS A SCENT QUICKLY SMOTHERED BY THE DAY-OLD GARBAGE IN WHICH HE LANDS.

SUDDEN MOVEMENT AT HIS SIDE--

HISSS

--NOT HER.

HE'S LOST HER..

NO--FROM THE DISTANCE--SHE TOSSES HIM A SOFT CHUCKLE--

--DRAWING HIM TO HER--TAUNTING HIM--

--SHE'S HEADING FOR THE PARK...

ONE WAY

...HE LOCKS ON THE SCENT, THE TANTALIZING SOUNDS.

HE CAN'T LOSE HER NOW.

HE'LL CATCH HER AND FIND OUT WHO SHE IS--

--PROVIDED THIS BLIND MAN CAN CROSS THE STREET.

KEKK

SPLAT

OWW!

NFF

HELP!

SOMEBODY HELP!

AND NOW A BLOOD-CHILLING SCREAM--

--FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER CHUCKLE--

--AND HER SCENT--

--CLINGING TO RUBBER AND CLOTH.

A TRAIL.

QUITE A TRAIL.

AND PAST THE **BLOOD** POUNDING IN HIS EARS--

---AN ENGINE HUMS.

A BOTTLE **POPS** BE-NEATH A TIRE.

A MAN CLEARS HIS THROAT.

FREEZE, CREEP!

DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

I GOT HIM, LOU. YOU FIND THE *GIRL*.

MATT COULD **RUN.**

HE COULD **FLATTEN** THE COPS.

IT WOULD BE **EASY.**

BUT THAT WOULD BE BREAKING THE **RULES.**

THAT WOULD BE BREAKING THE **LAW.**

HE REMEMBERS THE **LAST** TIME HE LOST CONTROL.

HE REMEMBERS SHATTERING WINDOW GLASS.

HE REMEMBERS A PATHETIC PRAYER TO GOD...

I'M ALL *YOURS*, OFFICER.

I DON'T *GET* IT, SOL.

THERE'S NO *SIGN* OF ANY *GIRL!*

SHE MUST'VE RUN *OFF.*

LET'S SEE SOME I.D., CREEP.

YES, SIR.

NOW HOLD ON. THIS IS REALLY WEIRD.

THIS HERE I.D. SAYS THE *CREEP* IS *HANDI-CAPPED, BLIND.*

MUST BE *CRAZY*, GOING TO THE *PARK* AT *NIGHT.*

YES, SIR. I GUESS THAT WAS PRETTY STUPID OF ME.

AND WHOEVER THAT WOMAN IS--

--SHE ENJOYED EVERY SECOND OF IT.

THE NEXT DAY. ON CAMPUS.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU *DO* IT, MATT. HERE I STUDY TILL I'M *POOPED* TO MAKE THE GRADE--

--AND YOU JUST SEEM TO BREEZE *THROUGH!*

MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE THAT *TV* ON WHEN YOU HIT THE *BOOKS*, FOGGY.

HEY, LET'S NOT GET *RADICAL*, BUDDY.

HOLD IT.

SCREEECH!

ONE WAY

ONE WAY

YIKES!

ELEC-

WHAT ARE YOU *GRINNING* ABOUT? YOU COULD HAVE *HIT* US!

MATT--
WHAT--

--WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?!

AWAY ZONE

VROOOM

MATT?

SOMETIMES YOU'RE KIND OF HARD TO FIGURE OUT, PAL.

NINETY-FIVE IN THE SNOW.

HER DRIVING WOULD SCARE ANYBODY.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE MATT HAD A GOOD SCARE.

SCREECH

HONK

LUNATIC!

KUMP

HE TELLS HIMSELF HE SHOULDN'T ENJOY THIS.

AND NOW THE AIR GOES THIN--MOUNTAIN AIR, THE KIND THAT MAKES YOUR HEAD GO LIGHT.

SNOW STABS AT EXPOSED SKIN--PAINFUL, BRACING.

EXCUSE ME, MISS--

--BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD PUT THE TOP UP.

WHY?

SKAKK

SUDDEN LURCH--

--WILD SLALOM RIDE THROUGH CLUSTERED TREES--

--HEADLONG RUSH TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH--

--AN EXPERT SPINNING STOP.

MATT'S HEART IS POUNDING.

IT FEELS GREAT.

WE'RE CLOSE TO THE EDGE, MATT MURDOCK.

ONE STEP FROM THE END.

THIS IS WHERE WE *BELONG.*

ALWAYS ON THE *BRINK.*

THE *REST* LEAD SAFE, *NUMB* LIVES. BUT YOU...

...WHEN I SAW YOU ON THE *ROOFTOPS,* I *KNEW...*

...WE'RE *TWO* OF A *KIND.*

DRAWN TO THE *EDGE--*

--AND *PAST* IT.

NO--

NO--

ZONE

E E
M R
P I